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Chapter 1 by Vignesh Vasudevan

|

Chapter 2 by Frederick Lamontagne



could'nt think of it. How did I do this? And why? I was now in a body... completely different from the original one.

Chapter 3 by Frederick Lamontagne



I broke it. I broke the seal. I am now in this... thing. I didn't recognise me the first time in a mirror! I, indeed, recognised my first and last victim. I have a scar where the bullet entered yesterday. His blood wasn't... blood. It was a translucent, bluish liquid. It was smelling like a rotting corpse, and tasting like candy. You know, the pink bubble gums? Bubble Dubble I think? Well, it tasted like that. I kept it.

Chapter 4 by Vignesh Vasudevan



Fore some reason,

Chapter 5 by Shasta



I was transfixed. Puzzled, yet fascinated.

What is this bluish liquid? A crude embalming fluid?

I looked at my extremities and... I loved my arm, but it wasn't my arm. I could walk and talk, but it wasn't with my natural mouth or legs.

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It was like I was encased in amber and I was flailing around, but the encasing substance was making my movements languid and sluggish.

I tried to free myself, but I only ended up making it worse.

It was terrible.

I had--

Chapter 6 by Izzy.b12 - Will be Inactive for a bit!



To escape this strange hell

Chapter 7 by Shasta



I needed to devise a plan, a methodical step by step, but I couldn't think of anything. My brain was speeding through perception. I saw flashes of color and tangent of numbers, but I didn't process it.

Muddled voices and clomping feet down hallways ricocheted in my ears, attacking me when they scratched their pencils on their paper. Someone wrapped on a glass surface and the sound shattered.

Screaming.

It kept getting louder and louder, and hands were touching me, voices were shushing me, and still, I screamed.

I didn't like it, it hurt, it felt toxic, it felt gross and violating. Still, I endured. I didn't know how to form words to oppose my consent.

"Have we regained stability?" someone asked, swiftness and coldness spread through my body.

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"Almost," another person said, and the coldness faded, replaced by a warm, steady heat.

"That will kill her --"

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"That's the point--" a voice said, one that has haunted my dreams. The voice that--

Chapter 8 by Shasta



I had heard in my sleep. The voice calling out to me, begging me to come back. The voice that had given me comfort and love, was now ordering my demise.

I shivered. I didn't like the feeling that had washed over me. The feeling of hopelessness and idleness. I was suspended in time, caught in a web, and nothing I could do would ever change reality.

"But miss-- I have seen people recover--" the voice was saying. I felt a pillow slip from under my head and hit the floor with a loud crash as it knocked over the alarm clock on the nightstand.

"She won't," the woman replied. "If she hasn't already, she won't. Just deliver the drug." Her voice was sad, but it wasn't devastated.

"Miss, the chances of her recovering are far greater than you seem to realize. I do so hope you will reconsider--"

"I am demanding that you deliver the drug. She is no longer alive, she is dead. Dead I say," the woman's voice is shaky but firm. "Even alive, she won't be the same."

I watched as someone gave me the drug through a needle. I could feel it slowing down my heart and making my breathing shallow. I could feel it killing me, and still, I wanted to live.

The woman was hovering, hands over her face and silent sobs made her shoulders shake. The doctor was solemn, looking down at his hands in fury and disgust.

I knew I was dying. I could feel everything shutting down, clocking out for the longest weekend of their life. I wanted to say one last thing before I faced the unknown.

I felt my lips twitch up in a smile and saw the doctor's eyes widen. The doctor gasped, and my mother looked up at me.

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"Sometimes it's living that's the burden, not death. It's the fear of moving my lips numbly. I looked at my mother, at the doctor, and I saw the fear in their eyes. I feared my death. "Murder looks good on you, Mother. It brings out your malevolence."

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I could hear sobbing and accusations. I heard the fear and the chaos, and the pain. But the loudest noise of all was the sound the machine made when my heart finally quieted.

the end

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